

643. h 14
12

FEUDAL TIMES;

OR,

THE BANQUET-GALLERY;

A

DRAMA,

IN

TWO ACTS.

FIRST REPRESENTED AT
THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE,
ON SATURDAY, JAN. 19TH. 1799.

WRITTEN BY
GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

—SÆPE INTEREUNT ALIIS MEDITANTES NECEM.
PHÆDRUS.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY T. WOODFALL;
FOR MESSRS. CADELL AND DAVIES, STRAND.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.]

THEATRAL TIMES;

THE BANGUET-GALLERY

DRAMA

IN

TWO ACTS

FIRST REPRESENTED AT
THE THEATRE-ROYAL, BRUXELLES
ON SATURDAY, JANUARY 17TH 1852

WRITTEN BY
GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

— FIRST REPRESENTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL, BRUXELLES, ON SATURDAY, JANUARY 17TH 1852. —

LONDON:
PRINTED BY T. WOODHALL,
FOR MESSRS. CROSBY AND DAVIES, ST. MARK'S.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE]

HE who hopes to increase his reputation, (if he have any already) as a Writer, by sketching a mere vehicle for Sing-song, and Shew,—is a Block-head. He who indites an elaborate Criticism, on such a vehicle,—is a Block-head;—or, he is worse:—a malignant fellow, pretending to mistake a Dramatist's Jerkin, for his best Coat, that he may pick a hole in it.

Be it known to you, *Messieurs!* that this same scribbling *in a jerkin*,—but, by the way, it must not be ragged,—is best suited to some occasions; and not at all disrespectful to the Company.—To have aim'd at writing in *full dress*, in the present instance, would have been a waste of wardrobe;—and, as idle, and extravagant, as riding on horse-back, in Hyde Park, in a bag-wig and sword.

The

The same motives which induced me to construct the Romance of *Blue-Beard*, and the uncommon favour it has experienced from the Town, tempted me to fabricate *Feudal Times*:—and my endeavours to amuse the good Holiday-folks, of London, and to serve the interests of the Theatre, have again succeeded.

My Coadjutors, in this *Spectacle*, are the same as in *Blue-Beard*; and I have now, as full a tribute of praise, and thanks, to render to the Composer of the Musick, to the Machinist, and to the Scene-Painter, as I had to offer when they exerted their talents for me, last year.

To all the Performers, in the Piece, I make my best acknowledgments.

In

In the Scene of the Banquet-Gallery,
I owe something to a foreign Dramatist.
If any one should have curiosity, or
leisure enough, to inquire how much,
or how little, I am obliged to him, let
him peruse *Tarare*, written by *Monf.*
Beaumarchais.

GEORGE COLMAN, the Younger.

13th Feb. 1799.
Piccadilly.

P. S. I had almost overlook'd the
Black-Letter Gentlemen; who may
cavil at the term, *Banquet-Gallery*. I
could defend it, stoutly, under the cir-
cumstances in which I have used it:—
mais le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle. I
leave the discussion to Antiquaries, and
Nomenclators;—whose attention (with-
out

out meaning the slightest offence to a learned, and indefatigable body of men) has often been sedulously employed upon a subject of as little importance.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Baron Fitzallan,	.	.	.	Mr. Cory.
Henry,	.	.	.	Mr. Middleton.
Orlando,	.	.	.	Mr. Surmont.
Edmund,	.	.	.	Mr. Kelly.
Andrew,	.	.	.	Mr. Wathen.
Baron Ruthenwolf,	.	.	.	Mr. Barrymore.
Martin,	.	.	.	Mr. Bannister, Jun.
Nicholas,	.	.	.	Mr. Suett.
				{ Mr. Sedgwick.
				{ Mr. Dignum.
Villagers,	.	.	.	{ Mr. Caulfield.
				{ Mr. Trueman.
				{ Mr. Hollingsworth.
Servants,	.	.	.	Mr. Webb, Mr. Ryder.
Claribel,	.	.	.	Mrs. Crouch.
Rachael,	.	.	.	Mrs. Bland.
Sufan,	.	.	.	Miss Menage.
Old Woman,	.	.	.	Mrs. Maddocks.

Soldiers, Fishermen, Vassals, &c. &c.

SCENE—IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.

*** The Musick of *Feudal Times*, is Published by Corri, Duffek, and Co. for Mr. KELLY, the Composer;---and may be had of them, at No. 28, Hay-Market, and No. 67, Dean Street, Soho.

FEUDAL TIMES ;

OR

THE BANQUET-GALLERY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A VILLAGE, in front, on the borders of an extensive Lake.—Villagers, male and female, discovered, at work. Men mending boats ; Women making nets ; &c. &c.—All picturesquely grouped. On the Lake is an Island, in which is a stately Castle. A rude Rock, rising above the water, between the Castle, and the shores of the Village. Beyond the Lake, a wild mountainous Scenery.

CHORUS OF VILLAGERS.

BY the side of the Lake live we ;
Sing hey down derry !
And when, in the water, our faces we see,
We view the reflection of pleasure and glee ;
For a Fisherman's life is merry.
Sing hey down derry.

B

Well,

FEUDAL TIMES.

Well, neighbour, well !
Though here, in poverty, we dwell,
It has been many a Great One's lot,
Since this good World began,
To envy the happiness, found in the Cot,
Of an humble Fisherman.
By the side of the Lake, &c.

(A Flag is display'd, on the battlements of the Castle.)

1st. Vil. There ! There's the flag !—The old signal of preparation, from the Castle.—The Baron, I warrant, is going to make war on his ancient foe, and calls us to duty.

(A Gun is fired, from the Castle.)

2d. Vil. Hark !—Nay, now 'tis certain. Away with our nets, boys ! and let fish live awhile, that flesh may die. We must change our oars for battle-axes ; and thrust our swords, like hooks, into the gills of the enemy.

Old Woman. Ah ! I like not these wars, between the Barons. War, alas ! is a keen ravisher.

3d. Vil. Umph ! he must be keen, indeed, an he meddle with you, dame.

Old Woman. Many a youthful flower is mow'd down in the field of slaughter.

2d. Vil. True, my old Daffy-down-dilly, run to feed ! But, we are all vassals of Baron Fitzalan : and, as he is ever relieving, or preventing the

the distresses of his people, 'tis meet we fight lustily in his cause. Poor fellows fight with double zeal for a man in command when his humanity goes hand in hand with his power.

3d. *Vil.* Look yonder comes a boat from the Castle. We shall hear all, anon.

[*A boat puts off from the Castle. All the men in the boat are dress'd in the Uniform of Baron Fitzallan. Andrew sits at the stern, with a trumpet, and a flag. The boat proceeds from the Castle, and at last reaches the shore of the Village. The boat and men appear small at first, and larger as they approach, to keep up the perspective. Musick from the boat, all the way—at first gentle, then increasing, gradually, in force, as the distance is diminished.*]

Andrew. (having landed, and marching in with his men.) Long live Baron Fitzallan !

All. Huzza ! !—

Andrew. Good fellows, and true ! all found to a man.

1st. *Vil.* Sound ? Aye, as roaches, my boy !

Andrew. Well said, my jolly Cock-lobster of the lake !—Now, listen to the voice of mild instruction.—(blows his trumpet) There ! that means War.

1st. *Vil.* We know it, Andrew.

Andrew.

Andrew. A true emblem ; for it has put me clean out of breath :—and, War will, sometimes, so take away a man's breath that he can never after recover it.—Hem !—All ye Northern men, and Vassals of the good Baron Fitzallan ! Repair, straight, to the Castle of the Lake. There to take arms, in the cause of your Liege-Lord. Maintain his Honour—for his Honour maintains You. Support the just, oppose the wicked, thump his enemies, assert his rights, and revenge his wrongs. Huzza ! Bless the Crier !

4th. Vil. We fight on the old ground, if I mistake not, Andrew ? The ancient enmity 'twixt our Lord, here, and the Baron Ruthenwolf.

Andrew. Partly so.—'Tis a fresh sprout, from the old root.—'Tis wonderful to see how un-neighbourly a neighbour can be in this world !—Truly, our Baron has good cause of complaint.

4th. Vil. What may the cause be, Andrew ?

Andrew. A lovely one.

3d. Vil. How, lovely ?

Andrew. A Woman. No less than the Lady Claribel.

Old Man. What ! the fair daughter of old Sir Philip Portingale ?

Andrew. E'en she—who was betroth'd to our Baron's youngest son—the gallant Edmund Fitzallan.

Old Man

Old Man. Ah, Heaven bless him ! He is the pride of his house, and the joy of all our village. I do think, truly, of all our Baron's goodly sons, young master Edmund is the best.

2d. Vil. But how, I prithee, Andrew, is Lady Claribel the cause ?

Andrew. Why, that viperly Baron—Ruthenwolf—has carried her forcibly away, from her father's ;—just as her marriage, with young Edmund, was about to be solemnized.—Thus, Sir Philip has lost a daughter ; the Lady has lost her lover ; Edmund has lost a wife ; the Parson his marriage fee ; and you have lost an ox, roasted, with his horns on, and three hog'sheads of old October.

Vil. We'll spill the last drop of our blood for the house of Fitzallan.

Andrew. Are you all agreed ?

All. All !

Andrew. Put yourselves in order then.—March to your boats ; paddle away to the Castle ;—there take arms ;—then over the mountain, yonder, to attack Ruthenwolf.

Vil. Come, neighbours !—Range yourselves ! Strike up our old North Country March, that always inspires us for battle ; and away !

(The Villagers form themselves in military order :—

Andrew, with his men, at the head of them.—

While

While the following Chorus is singing, they march to the boats in procession.—The Boats proceed round the Rock, and are seen diminishing in perspective, till some of the first reach the Castle-steps, and the men ascend them.—At the end of the Chorus, the Scene closes.

CHORUS, AND MARCH.

MARCH, my Companions, March !

Over the mountain we go,
When a Master is kind,
He always will find
A Servant that's faithful, thro' frost and snow !

March, my Companions, March !

Stout Englishmen are we ;
He who comforts the poor
May always be sure
To find good support in his Peasantry,
March, my Companions, March !

Bleak though the wind should blow ;
Though the mountain were cover'd with snow,
Should a loved Master be forlorn,
The Peasant, then, will wind his horn,
To fight in his cause, and relieve his woe.
March, my Companions, March !

SCENE

FEUDAL TIMES.

7

SCENE II.

The Skirts of the Village :—Woody, and Retired.

Enter RACHAEL.

Rach. I tremble lest my Martin should keep his word, and come to me, to day. He knows not that the knavery of his Master is discover'd; and that all our people are up in arms, and going to attack him. Martin is known here, as the chief servant of Baron Ruthenwolf;—and should he be found lurking about the village, alas! his life would be forfeit.—Ah, my Martin! I wouldn't have thee come to harm, for the world!

SONG—RACHAEL.

FIRST beneath a willow's shade,

Heigho! nonino!

Martin, his addresses paid.

Heigho! nonino!

When he whisper'd, say, sincerely,

If you e'er could love me dearly?

All the answer that I made

Was—Heigho, nonino!

Sweet, said he, were Martin dead,

Heigho! nonino!

One sad tear would Rachael shed?

Heigho! nonino!

When

FEUDAL TIMES.

When my Martin talk'd of dying,
 How could I refrain from fighting?
 From my heart a murmur fled,
 Of—Heigho! nonino!

Martin told me, when I figh'd,
 Heigho! nonino!
Yes must, always, be implied,
 By Heigho, nonino.
 Then, says he, your thoughts discover,
 Will you take me for your lover?—
 Looking down, I blush'd, and cried—
 Heigho! nonino!

Enter MARTIN, (agitated.)

Rach. Oh, Martin!

Mar. Rachael I—How do'st do, sweet?—
 I have been so set upon by—How do'st do?—
 I was going to damn all the fishermen of your
 village;—but I forgot that your father amuses
 himself with catching flounders, and selling
 them.

Rach. Dear! you look pale!—Has any ac-
 cident befallen you, on your way hither?—Our
 people are all up in arms, and——

Mar. Yes, yes.—I know every thing.

Rach. Who told you, Martin?

Mar. Three gruff-looking fellows, on the
 border of the lake.—They told me all:—and
 then

then beat the information into my head, with the butt-end of an oar.

Rach. Mercy!—By what means did you escape?

Mar. By a noble enemy!—Your Baron's youngest son; the brave Edmund Fitzallan. He came up, by mere accident, as I was about to be butcher'd, and rescued me.

Rach. What he!—He whom your master has so much wrong'd!—He did not know you, sure!

Mar. Nay, his words proved that he did. For finding, upon question, that I came not as a spy, you are without arms, said he, and at my mercy: An enemy, in such a case, has always a claim upon a brave man's protection. Get thee back, to Ruthenwolf.

Rach. Heaven bless him!—You are bound to love him, Martin!

Mar. Love him! He has saved my life, Rachael—nobly saved it!—And, may I die like a dog if ever I avoid an opportunity of shewing gratitude to my benefactor.

Rach. The opportunity may soon come, Martin. You know that Baron Ruthenwolf, whom you have the honour to serve——

Mar. Harkye, Rachael—I have the honour to serve a damn'd scoundrel. His head's hot; his
c heart's

heart's hard ; his face frosty, and his malice everlasting.

Rach. Mercy ! I wouldn't live in a house with such a monster, for the world !

Mar. What, not with me in the house with you, Rachael ?

Rach. (*smiling*) Nay, that indeed——

Mar. What a rare sweetner love is ! Give a woman the man of her heart, and she'll stomach any thing :—Just as children take physick, to get a lump of sugar for swallowing it. Now listen, Rachael—I am sent expressly, by Baron Ruthenwolf, to bring you with me, to his Castle, to attend on the Lady Claribel.

Rach. What, on her, whom he has stolen ?

Mar. The same.—Poor soul ! he has made my heart bleed for her. His barbarity—

Rach. Indeed !—Why 'tis said Ruthenwolf loves her.

Mar. So he does his wine : and he has treated the Lady as he does his liquor.

Rach. How's that, Martin ?

Mar. Lock'd her up, in a dark, cool place, underground.

Rach. Mercy on me ! Is she there, still ?

Mar. No.—I am his confidant, you know, as well as his butler : and, last night, as I drew a bottle of canary, for him from the cellar, when
he

he grew warm with it, I persuaded him to let me draw out the damsel from the dungeon.

Rach. Ah, my Martin! You have a kindly soul!

Mar. What, for trying to relieve the sorrows of a woman? 'Tis an unkindly soul, indeed, Rachael, that will not strive to succour a female, whenever she needs assistance.

Rach. Why that may be—but if all men were like you—but don't be too tender-hearted to all the women, neither.

Mar. There!—Now you are jealous! Good actions are so rare, now a days, that a plain fellow is always suspected in his motives for doing them.

Rach. Aye, well, for all that——

Mar. Pshaw!—nonsense!—A man's kindness to women, in general, should rather obtain him credit, when he professes tenderness to one, in particular.

Rach. Well, it may be so—but still——

Mar. Pooh!—prithee—as if, were I so inclined—that a lady, like lady Claribel, would look down on such a lout as I.

Rach. As you!—The sweetest lady, in the land, might jump at you.

Mar. Might she!—You are the sweetest to me in the land; so jump at me, and kiss me. (*she*

jumps on his neck, and kisses him.) Well, I am a pretty fellow, that's the truth on't!

Rach. That you are, Martin.

Mar. And to prove I am true—observe. The lady Claribel is stolen by Ruthenwolf;—she has a lover in Edmund Fitzallan;—he has saved my life;—and, if they come not together, blame my industry.

Rach. But, how to contrive this?

Mar. Thus—and you, perhaps, may help me in the contrivance.—Lord Ruthenwolf has lifted his prisoner from darkness to light; from the dungeon of horror, to the chamber of feasting.—He thinks, now, this will best help forward his suit with her.

Rach. Well?

Mar. Come with me to my master's.—We will arrange matters with your father, here, as we pass.—and, I will, from his house, write a letter to my preserver, to repair secretly to Ruthenwolf Castle, as I shall direct him.

Rach. But if this should fail, Martin——

Mar. Pshaw!—It shall go hard if, with our assistance, he do not soon rescue his love.—Away!

Rach. I would follow you, Martin, all over the world:—and now I have a double cause to follow

follow you.—We must be cautious, though, for your sake, in passing the village.

Mar. True:—I may chance to lose the little brains I have, else.—When we reach the Castle, and have saved these lovers, we will then be married, sweet!—There will be a jovial day!—We'll have such a holiday, and merry making!

Rach. Nay, that we will!

DUETT.—MARTIN AND RACHAEL.

RACHAEL.

ALL shall leave their labouring;
We'll call each honest neighbour in;
Heigh! for pipe and taboring,
When I and Martin wed.

MARTIN.

Never shall our holiday
Be called a melancholy day;
It shall be a jolly day
When I and Rachael wed.

BOTH.

Fal de ral de ral, &c.

RACHAEL.

Then Martin, sweet Martin, since you have a mind to
me,

Pray promise, when married, always to be kind to
me.

MARTIN.

FEUDAL TIMES.

MARTIN.

All that I have, Rachael—I have little riches though—
All shall be yours, Rachael—I must wear the breeches
though.

BOTH.

Fal de ral de ral, &c.

RACHAEL.

Yet, they say, love's a doubt;
Marriage often wears it out:—
Ere a year comes about,
Lost is love and joy.

MARTIN.

Ere a year passes by,
Sure our love will multiply;
Mother you, Father I,
Of a chopping boy!

BOTH.

Fal de ral de ral, &c.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

*A Spacious Court, in Fitzallan Castle.—The Villagers
drawn up, in Uniforms.—Andrew reviewing them.*

Andrew. 'Tis downright drudgery to drill these
water-varlets for land service. They have been
fo

so used to look down in the Lake, for fish, that there is no making them hold up their heads. What is thy name, friend ? (*to one of the men.*)

Vil. Simon Smallfry.

Andrew. The knave is as unwieldy as a whale ; and handles his pike as if 'twere the pole of a punt.—You are wondrous aukward, friend.

Vil. Yees—but I can hit hard.

Andrew. I do not doubt it :—thou hast a fist as broad as a frying-pan.—Besides, when the times call on an Englishman for his service, put but weapons in his hands, and, though unbred to arms, I'll warrant he'll fight as staunch as a bulldog.

(*A Flourish without.*)

Hark ! The Baron, with his sons, is advancing.

Enter Baron Fitzallan, Henry, Orlando, and Edmund : preceded by a Military Band.

All. Huzza !

Fitz. I thank you, friends ! This cheers me. These are the clamours of affection. They salute the ear like rustick musick, mellowing as it floats, o'er the smooth surface of the waters, in a sweet summer's 'night ; and soothe the listener's spirit.—Are they instructed in the cause of our expedition ?

Andrew.

Andrew. They are, my lord.

Fitz. How feel they in it?

Andrew. Like fellows, my lord, with low pockets, who are honest, and pay their debts by instalment. We owe so much to your goodness, my lord, that we are rejoiced in this opportunity of discharging a little of our obligations upon account.

Fitz. Oh, Wealth and Power! stretch on your down, and send your emissaries forth, to bring you pleasures which pamper every sense!—can ye, can ye procure to yourselves a nobler luxury than the cheap purchase of a poor man's gratitude!

Hen. Say, my father—shall we begin our march?—I long to punish this villain Ruthenwolf.

Orl. And I.

Fitz. What say you, Edmund?—Most wrong'd, and yet most silent.

Edm. My wrongs must speak in action. Insult to you, my lord, to Claribel, to me;—these are threefold injuries. Place him before me, he shall meet threefold punishment.

Enter a SERVANT to EDMUND.

Serv. This letter Sir:—brought by an old peasant, from the village:—who beg'd hard it might be instantly deliver'd.

Edm.

Edm. (inspecting the letter) Nay, this concerns us all. I pray you read, my lord.

Fitz. (taking the letter, and reading.) "Stratagem may sometimes prosper, where force may fail. Could you contrive, a little after midnight, to pass the Porter's Lodge of your enemy, you might then proceed, unobserved, in darkness, to the inner court:—in which court, should you perceive lights, from the large window of the Banquet-Gallery, be assured they are placed there as a token, that you may enter that window with safety.—The mouldering buttress, beneath it, must serve you for a ladder.—Enter the window as the Castle clock tolls One.—You will then be conducted to the lady Claribel, by him who this morning owes his life to you."

"MARTIN."

Edm. The Vassal of Ruthenwolf—whom I met e'en now, in the village, unarm'd, unconscious of our preparations, and rescued from our people.

Hen. Rescued him, Edmund!—The slave of our enemy ;—that villain, Ruthenwolf!

Edm. To be a slave, Henry, and slave to a villain, too, is misfortune enough.—Poor wretch, I pitied him! Compassion, brother, urges me to afford succour to a defenceless man, in my

D

power,

power, whose hard lot has made it his *duty* to serve an oppressor, whom I must punish.

Fitz. My noble boy!—Yes, my sons! The slaughter of war is man's necessity; but mercy is his nature. Could the rough foldier, in the trench, find leisure there to look inward on himself, and trace the fine-wrought contexture of his heart, he would mark that He who gave it pulsation has closely intertwined the fibres of humanity with courage.—Edmund, you shall venture on this enterprise.

Orl. May there not be treachery in't? This may be some lure.

Fitz. Scarcely so. It seems the working of an honest creature's soul, grateful to his preserver. 'Tis worth the trial:—And, should it fail, our troops shall be beneath the Tower, to give you speedy succour.

Edm. Be it so order'd, then.—Yet, let us march forth together. With your good leave, my Lord, we may now proceed to the murky wood, within a league of our enemy. There, 'till near midnight, we may lye in ambush.—I will then quit our band, to try my fortune; and you, my Lord, some little interval given, may, with all your troops, in silence follow me.

Fitz. Agreed.—Must' our Household.—And,

as

as they march in our review, produce the Colours,
as is our custom.

(Fitzallan's Sons go to a door in the Castle, which is in one wing of the Court, and bring forth the Colours.—At the same time, by a signal given, the Men march in, through the gateway; all arm'd—they arrange themselves, according to their different ranks, and stations.—Fitzallan and his Sons heading them, in different divisions.)

Fitz. Now, Edmund, cheer our soldiers.

Edm. Come, Friends!—Prepare.

SONG AND CHORUS.

EDMUND, SOLDIERS, and VASSALS.

EDMUND.

TELL me, my gallant Soldiers, tell me true;—

Hands to your hearts!—your hearts with valour stored—

Tell me what Manhood prompts you all to do,

Whene'er a foe insults your true Liege-Lord.

SOLDIERS.

March away,

Without delay!

We'll answer with the sword!

EDMUND.

Or say, my friends, should you, like me, be moved;

Or, could you mercy to a fiend afford,

Who rob'd you of the virtuous Maid you loved,

And tore her from an aged Father's board?

D 2

SOLDIERS!

FEUDAL TIMES.

SOLDIERS.

March away ! &c.

EDMUND.

March, then, my gallant soldiers ! March, and fight !

Punish the traitor, ruthless, and abhor'd.—

Let Valour's arm be raised in Virtue's right,

And follow, to the field, your true Liege-Lord.

SOLDIERS.

March away,

Without delay,

We follow with the sword.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE IV.

*An Apartment in Ruthenwolf Castle.**Enter CLARIBEL.*

Cla. Will no friend come !—my father—nay, he is drooping on a sick bed. Oh, Edmund ! hast *thou* forsaken me !—Let me be patient—he is, now, perhaps, planning my release.—Yet to be tortured with the odious love of Ruthenwolf !—Alas ! there was more honest tyranny in the Dungeon, whence, yesterday, he drew
me

me, than in this gaudy prison!—These glittering chambers mock my sorrows.—Would I were free!—

SONG.—CLARIBEL.

OH, the Maid of the Wold, how she traversed the Land,
To court the rude touches of Winter's chill hand!
The Wind on her bosom of lillies blew bleak,
And the Snow fell, in flakes, on the rose of her cheek.
Drear, drear was the prospect; all clouded the Sky;
But the Sunshine of Liberty beam'd in her eye:—
She cried, while the wet from her ringlets she prest—
“ I am free as the blast that blows over my breast!”
Sweet Maid of the Wold! as unshelter'd you stray,
In that bliss of the Poor—all the World for your way!—
If *one* pensive moment should flit o'er your mind,
Drop a tear for a Captive, in Splendour confin'd.

Enter RUTHENWOLF.

Ruth. Now, Claribel—You know my purpose:—Love.

Clar. Know mine too, Ruthenwolf:—Rather than yield to it, —Death.

Ruth. Troth, Lady, Death has a swelling sound,
—when 'tis well thunder'd from the mouth of
haughty beauty.—'Tis a word written—'mongst
other harmless threats—in her Disdain's vocabulary.—Yet, place a Woman 'twixt Death and
Love, 'tis odds, whene'er the grisly Monarch,
in

in all his terror, scowls upon her, that she will fly for safety to the dimpled God, who spreads his wings to shelter her.

Clar. Lord Ruthenwolf—The God of Love, whom pure hearts worship, received his honied shafts from Honour, and Virtue plumed his pinions. Your Deity—your Dæmon, rather—is wing'd like Lucifer. Guilt gave the word, and Loathfomeness bedeck'd him:—while Brutality stood by, and laugh'd, to think how many of his votaries would violate the innocent. Compared to this, Death smiles a Cherub.

Ruth. Since you are thus skill'd in painting Love, fair Lady, it should seem that you have felt the passion he inspires.

Clar. I glory in that passion!—You knew I gloried in it;—and that knowledge gave spurs to your malignity:—before not sluggish.—Edmund Fitzallan, sir, ere long, will give it's speed the due reward it merits.

Ruth. Damnation!—That name within these walls! (*He half draws his sword, as intending to stab Claribel—she throws open her arms, as courting the wound. Ruthenwolf, trembling with contending passions, returns his sword to the scabbard.*) Lady I——had any tongue but your's thus utter'd, this steel had taught it silence.

lence. Why, why, Madam, will you name my bitter enemy ?

Clar. Your enemy !—Oh, true—His noble heart holds villainy in detestation.

Ruth. Now by my soul ! Well, well, I will be calm, Lady. A lover must bear all.

Enter MARTIN.

Now, fellow ! whence come you ?

Mar. From performing my commission, my Lord. I have been seeking, as you order'd, one to attend on Lady Claribel.

Ruth. Well—the fruit, sir, of your search ?

RACHAEL Enters.

Mar. Very sweet fruit, my Lord.—From the ripe clusters of Females, which grow in the neighbourhood, I have pluck'd this blooming gentlewoman. *(presenting her)*

Ruth. Canst thou attend a Lady ?

Rach. I will do my endeavours, so please you.

Ruth. Come, Lady Claribel—Take her to your notice. If soothing, as 'tis said, can win a Lady's smile, I will e'en seek my brow to the soother's fashion. What ho, there ! Have they prepared the dance ?

Enter

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Aye, my Lord. All wait you.

Ruth. This for our morning revelry. At night the silver moon, pale in her envy, shall look down upon our rosy orgies. This night, to break a custom, we will sit late, in feast.—We sup in the Banquet-Gallery.

Mar. The—the Banquet-Gallery, my Lord ! The very place in which I have appointed young Fitzallan ! (*aside*) To—to—to night, my Lord.

Ruth. Aye, to night.—How now what ails thee ?

Mar. N—no—nothing, my Lord.—Only 'tis so long since that Banquet-Gallery has been open'd, that the very thoughts of going into it makes me—hem—makes me tremble, my Lord.

Ruth. Ne'er fear, knave.—It shall blaze with light :—And, toward the hour of One, good cheer and mirth shall warm us.

Mar. (*aside*) One !—The very hour on which he is to enter the window !—And the lights I meant to place there, as a beacon of safety, will prove a decoy for his destruction !—No apprising him—What can I do ?

(*Gay Musick, from the interior apartment.*)

Ruth. Hark !—The dance invites us. Come Lady !

Clar.

Clar. E'en as you please. All is alike indifferent to me.

Ruth. Nay come.—Follow me, Slave !

Ruthenwolf leads Claribel through the folding doors ; Martin and Rachael following, making signs to each other. As soon as they have enter'd the folding doors, the Scene, instantly, withdraws—and discovers a magnificent apartment. Vassals attending, and Dancers in groupes. Ruthenwolf seats Claribel on a sofa, and sits beside her.

GRAND CHORUS, AND DANCE.

WHEN old Timotheus touch'd his lyre, to move
Philip's warlike son to love,
The Minstrel's strain
Inspired his heart with pleasing pain;
And as the hero sunk, with love oppress'd,
His willing Thais caught him to her breast.

Breathe then a melodious measure,
'Till Musick melts the soul to pleasure :
And, while it lightly floats along the air,
Now, when a warrior feels its power,
May it touch, in happy hour,
The bosom of his fair.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

E

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Porter's Hall, in Ruthenwolf Castle.

NICHOLAS, *at a table, drinking*; SUSAN *seated near him. A violent Storm is heard, and the lightning is seen flashing through the window.*

NICHOLAS.

HERE's weather!—It blows, and rains, and thunders, and lightens!—I don't remember a more dismal night, since I have been Porter in Ruthenwolf Castle.—Well, I am content.

Susan. You are always content with good wine before you, father.

Nich. Susan, your Father's getting in years. Wine comforts the aged. 'Tis a sort of under-waistcoat

waistcoat to a man's inside ;—and the older he grows the more of this kind of flannel he wants. (*drinks*) Next year, I must double my cloathing.

Susan. Nay, Father, you are not so old, neither. You are but forty.

Nich. But I have been twenty years Porter here : and the labour of office saps the constitution.

Susan. 'Tis no such great labour, father. You have little more than to open and shut the gate.

Nich. 'Tis Porter's work, for all that, Susan. My father,—your grandfather,—who held the keys, here, before me, fell under it. Heaven rest him ! Death knock'd at his door, and would come in.—He went off just as I was going to give him a glass of mull'd brandy.

Susan. They say, in the neighbourhood, that he kill'd himself with sheer drink.

Nich. Scandal. A censorious world ! I shouldn't wonder if they said the same of me, when I am gone. (*drinks.*)

Susan. Nay, but my Grandfather——

Nich. I shall never forget his last advice. “ Nicholas,” says he——I stood by him with the glass in my hand ;—he couldn't fill it, so I did.—“ Nicholas,” says he, “ you are to inherit the keys : Remember, Sobriety and Vigilance !—That's the Porter's motto.”—and he died.

Poor soul ! he couldn't drink the brandy then :—
so I did.—I swallow'd it to comfort me ; for all
the world as I take this glass of canary. (*drinks.*)

Susan. I wish, Father, you would drink no
more.

Nich. Pshaw ! Nonsense ! Do you think I am
always fuddled, like the fat Friar of Nottingham ?

SONG.—NICHOLAS.

A jolly fat Friar loved liquor, good store,
And he had drank stoutly at supper ;
He mounted his horse, in the night, at the door,
And sat with his face to the crupper.
Some rogue, quoth the Friar, quite dead to remorse,
Some thief, whom a halter will throttle,
Some scoundrel, has cut off the head of my horse,
While I was engaged at the bottle.

Which went gluggity, gluggity, glug, glug, glug.

The tail of the steed pointed South, on the dale,
'Twas the Friars road home, strait and level,
But, when spur'd, a horse follows his nose, not his tail,
So he scamper'd due North, like a devil.
This new mode of docking, the Friar, then, said,
I perceive doesn't make a horse trot ill ;
And 'tis cheap ; for he never can eat off his head,
While I am engaged at the bottle :

Which goes gluggity, gluggity, glug, glug, glug.

The steed made a stop ; in a pond he had got ;
He was rather for drinking than grazing ;

Quoth

Quoth the Friar, 'tis strange headless horses should trot;
 But to drink with their tails is amazing!
 Turning round, to see whence this Phænomenon rose,
 In the pond^{er} fell this son of a pottle;
 Quoth he, the head's found, for I'm under his nose;
 I wish I were over a bottle.

Which goes gluggity, gluggity, plug, plug, plug.

(The Storm continues.)

Sufan. Mercy on us! What a storm! The rain will beat in the casement.

Nich. Let me see that all's tight—and do you trim up the lamp, Sufan.

While they are employ'd in looking at the window, and trimming the lamp,

Enter RACHAEL.

Rach. 'Tis near the hour that young Fitzallan should come. If I could, now, as Martin has told me, contrive to warn him of the danger of coming to the Banquet-Gallery, I—

(Nicholas comes from the Window.)

Your servant, Mr. Nicholas!

Nich. Oh, dear! This is Mistress Rachael; the new little Gentlewoman they have hired, to wait on the new great Gentlewoman.—Now, by St. Peter, you are welcome to the Porter's Hall of Ruthenwolf Castle!

Rach.

Rach. I thank you, good Mr. Nicholas!—I was willing to pay you a visit, as we are, now, fellow servants. The Baron, you know, has engaged me, to attend the Lady Claribel.

Nich. I don't wonder at it, at all;—for he chuses all his domesticks good looking. He told me so himself, when he took me for his Porter. And, this is my good-looking daughter.

(*presenting her.*)

Susan. La! father, how foolish!

Rach. A sad rainy night, Mr. Nicholas.

Nich. Sad, indeed!—We shall all be under water. Take a drop of this, to keep out the cold. (*offering wine.*)

Rach. I never do.

Nich. That's very odd!—I always do.—Here's a bumper to our better acquaintance. (*drinks.*)

Rach. Hark!—Methought I heard him—No. (*aside.*) Ah, Mr. Nicholas! in such nights as these, I cannot help sighing for the poor traveller.

Susan. So do I, I'm sure!

Rach. Wandering over the wild heath;—exposed to the Storm;—no tree to shelter him!

Susan. No kind soul to direct him!

Nich. No Publick House to be seen! (*drinking.*)

EDMUND FITZALLAN *sings, without.*

“Shelter a way-worn Traveller!”

Rach.

Rach. 'Tis he ! (*aside.*) Hark !

Nich. Didn't I hear a voice ?—Listen.

QUARTETTO.

NICHOLAS, RACHAEL, SUSAN, *and* EDMUND.

EDMUND.

Shelter a way-worn Traveller !
Hard beats the rain ; the lightnings play ;
Bewilder'd, here, alas ! I stray.
Shelter a way-worn Traveller !

NICHOLAS, RACHAEL, SUSAN.

Hark ! who is that so faintly calls,
Beneath the Castle's gloomy walls ?

EDMUND.

A Wretched, way-worn Traveller !

NICHOLAS, RACHAEL, SUSAN.

Alas ! a way-worn Traveller !

EDMUND.

O, Shelter ! for my Life's at stake ;
Unbar your Door, for pity's sake !
Within your friendly Turrets take
A wretched, way-worn Traveller !

NICHOLAS, RACHAEL, SUSAN.

Alas ! a way-worn Traveller !

Rach.

Rach. Some poor wretch, who has lost his way!

Susan. Dying, perhaps, for want of assistance.

Rach. Wont you let him in, Mr. Nicholas?

Susan. Pray, do, father!

Nich. (*reflecting.*) Now, am I puzzled:—and when a man's puzzled, a woman always puzzles him more. Here are two to perplex me. Susan, get you up stairs to your chamber.

Susan. Father!

Nich. No words.—Away! (*Susan goes out.*) So; there's one difficulty over.—Good night, mistress Rachael!

Rach. Will not you let the Traveller in, then?

Nich. I want no spies to inform against me,—so that's a secret.—Will you give me a kiss, to know it?

Rachael. (*hesitating*) Why, if it were not for my Mart—I—Well, I—I will give you a kiss, to know it. (*he kisses her.*)

Nich. Now, Mistress Rachael, mark this:—When a pretty woman, like you, thinks a kiss bribe enough for telling a secret, damn me if I trust her with mine:—for she'll meet with a bribe every day.—Good night.

Rach. Must I go? (*he waves his hand.*) I cannot inform him of his danger, and—Heaven preserve him! (*q. sic.*) [Exit.]

Nich. Now, I have got the ground to myself. If Lord Ruthenwolf knows I let a stranger in, he'll

he'll turn me out. Obedience is a duty I owe to the Baron—that's a strong reason against the gentleman on the other side of the door. [*Edmund knocks.*—But Pity is a duty I owe to all the unfortunate, in their time of trouble—that's a much stronger reason for the gentleman on the outside of the door;—So, in he comes.—(*going to the door.*) I never found out, before, how many poor devils have as great a right to my services as my master. [*he unbars the door, and admits EDMUND FITZALLAN, who is muffled up in a Traveller's Cloak.*]

Edm. I thank you, friend.

Nich. By our lady, you are what I call foused! Pour some of this down your throat.—(*Gives him wine.*)—It chills me to look at you. It makes me stand in need of a glass, myself.—(*Drinks.*)

Edm. The knave has drank freely, and seems ripe for my purpose.—(*Aside.*)—This is rare liquor, friend.

Nich. That's a pity, for I like plenty of it. Who are you?

Edm. A traveller.

Nich. What made you travel here?

Edm. 'Tis a long story.

F

Nich.

Nich. Tell it me.—I like long stories; they put me so comfortably to sleep.

Edm. That's e'en as I could wish.—(*Aside.*)

Nich. Come, sit down; whet your whistle, and begin.—(*They sit and drink.*)

Edm. My father was once affluent; blazed in splendour; each day his hall rang with festivity—for he opened wide the door to many a bidden guest.

Nich. So did my father—he was the Porter.

Edm. But Fortune varied:—his estates dwindled—his friends faded—my father died.

Nich. And, then, you swallow'd the mull'd brandy.

Edm. His senses totter.—(*Aside.*)—On my father's death, ruin hung o'er his house; 'twas for me to oppose the storm.

Nich. (*Half asleep.*) 'Thas been a sad storm. Another glass

(*Edmund fills it, Nicholas drinks.*)

Edm. I left my native home—two days had journey'd—'till now, travelling o'er the moor—

Nich. (*Holding out his glass, and muttering.*)—More? More!—Ah!—a little more.

Edm. Evening lowered—the clouds grew thick. No guide—the peasants in their beds—

All

All in the arms of sleep.—(*Nicholas snores, Edmund rises cautiously.*)—As thou art now, poor knave! This cloak will but encumber me, as I explore the windings of the Castle.—Then darkness be my shroud.—(*Throws off his cloak.*)—And, should my presence create some havock here, thou, simple soul, shalt fare the better for thy courtesy to me:—for the sweet goddess, Charity, had thee unbar the door to me, in the tempest;—and Gratitude, her first-born daughter, would, from her glowing forehead, dart a frown upon me, could I forget thee. (*Exit.*
(Nicholas remains fast asleep, and the Scene closes.)

SCENE II.

A Colonnade in Ruthenwolf Castle, leading to the Inner Court.

Enter EDMUND FITZALLAN.

Edm. The clouds have spent their fury; and the dying thunder rolls, sullenly, away, upon the distant hills. This, I conjecture, will lead me to the inner court; whence I must watch the signal, which Martin promised.—The friendly lights

from the window must be my guide.—It lacks somewhat yet of the time appointed. I will linger here awhile.—Should any pass, these pillars will afford concealment.—Oh, Claribel ! how tedious are the hours of doubt and expectation !

SONG.—EDMUND.

GRANT me her for whom I sigh,
In Love's sequester'd bowers,
Full swiftly would the minutes fly,
Full smoothly glide the hours.

But tear the dear-loved maid away,
Then anxious thoughts the soul engage ;
While every minute seems a day,
And every hour---an age !

Give me all thou can'st bestow,
Young God of fond desire !
If hoary Time move swift or slow,
I seek not to inquire.

Ah ! Days of bliss, ye lightly pass !
Yet, oft, when Time would turn his hand,
If Lovers tears have damp'd his glass,
How heavy runs the sand !

(Exit.)

SCENE

SCENE III.

The Banquet Gallery, in Ruthenwolf Castle.

Ruthenwolf, and Claribel, seated at a Banquet, under a magnificent Canopy. In the back of the Scene, above the Canopy, is a large Gothick Window. On one side, a Door, leading to another Apartment.—Vassals and Domesticks, Male and Female, with Musical Instruments, in Orchestras, on each side of the Gothick Window; but so situated as not to have a view of the Window.—Other Vassals, under the Orchestras.—Martin, and Rachael, in the Front of the Stage, at some distance from each other.—The Scene is superbly illuminated.

CHORUS.

MALE and FEMALE VASSALS.

MELANCHOLY, hence ! for merry is the life,
And the lute, and the hautboy play ;
Sorrow is a canker preying upon life ;
To be wise is to be gay.

Touch

Touch the chord, then, merrily, and cheerily ;
 Musick's melody can never cloy :
 Folly's march moves heavily and drearily,
 Wisdom's course is joy.

[*During the Chorus, Martin makes signs to Rachael, as anxious to speak to her ; as the Musick ceases, she approaches him.*]

Mar. (*Whispering.*) Have you seen young Edmund ? Did you speak to him ?

Rach. Alas ! no ; Nicholas made me quit the Lodge, while he was trying for admittance.

Mar. Then he is lost !

Ruth. (*To Martin.*) What ho, there !—See to the musicians ;—Our revel cools, else. Why, knave, thou sleep'st.

Mar. Who, I, my Lord ?—Oh, no !—I never was merrier in all my life.—Mercy on me !—Come, boys !—“ Melancholy hence ! for merry is the life.—(*Singing, and affecting gaiety.*)—Have you apprised Lady Claribel ?—(*Apart to Rachael.*)

Rach. (*Apart.*)—Impossible !—No moment offer'd.

Mar. Undone !—Come, fellows !—“ Melancholy hence ! &c.”—Strike up !—(*They repeat a small part of the Chorus.*)

Ruth. Some wine, there !—Now, Lady ! How like you these, our sports ?

Cl.

Cla. Oh, Sir ! Wretches upon the wrack heed not the voice of revelry.

Ruth. Nay, this is peevish coyness.—Come hither, fellow.—(*To Martin.*)—Bring thy harp.

Mar. My harp, my Lord !—Some how or other—from the damp of this gallery, I take it—my fingers tremble so, I shall never be able to play upon it.

Ruth. (*Angrily.*) Sing then ;—your fellows shall accompany you.

Mart. I—I will, my lord.

Ruth. It should seem, Lady, you are not pleased with the full swell of minstrelsy. Haply, this fellow's simple ditties may dispel the cloud that hangs upon your brow.

Clar. I would feign retire. 'Tis nearly, now, an hour past midnight.

Mart. (*aside.*) Then he will enter the window instantly !

Ruth. Your patience, yet, a little, Madam. Begin.

Mar. I'll—Hem !—I'll give you a part of my own humble History, my Lord.—And I'll put in a Chapter that may chance to spoil your Banquet. (*aside.*)

Martin begins ; accompanied by the Vassals, in the Orchestras. He appears uneasy during the Song
—and

FEUDAL TIMES.

—and looks anxiously towards the window, at intervals.

ROMANCE.—MARTIN.

NEAR these rugged Towers,
Where the Tempest lowers,
Sixteen years, in sorrow, I wander'd, wild.
Parents had left me;—
Death, soon, of them bereft me;—
Woe's me! I wail'd them, an Orphan Child.

CHORUS.

Bless our noble Master!
Keep him from disaster!
Twango dillo dang—Twango dillo dee,

Lucky was that chasing,
When, the WildBoar facing,
Our bold Baron's life was saved by me.
With gifts he graced me,
Near to his Person placed me;
Me a poor Peasant, of low degree.

CHORUS.

Bless our noble Master, &c.
All my sorrows over,
Here, I live in clover;
Nothing here can hurt, no Foe assail.
This roof to enter
No Enemy can venture,—

(Looking anxiously towards the window.)

No rash Intruder these walls can scale.

(Here the Clock tolls One.)

(Martin's trepidation increases.)

CHORUS.

FEUDAL TIMES.

11

CHORUS.

Bless our noble Master, &c.

But beware to wander
O'er the Mountain, yonder;
Death is round the Lake whence this morn I came.
(The Gothic window now opens.)
One there did snatch me
From Fiends who would despatch me;
(Here Edmund is entering the window.)
Edmund Fitzallan is his name.

On hearing the name of Edmund, Claribel shrieks, and falls back in her seat, Ruthenwolf starts up furiously; and Edmund leaps, unperceived, from the window, behind the Canopy.—These several movements take place at the same instant.

Ruth. (rushing on Martin and holding his sword over him.) That hated name has caused thy Death.

Mart. (on his knees.) Mercy!

Rach. Help!—Help, the Lady Claribel!

Ruth. (looking round.) Ha!—fainting!—*(quitting Martin.)* Wretch! live yet a little; but soon expect my vengeance.—Bear her to her chamber—Slaves, away! *(to all the Vassals, who go out)* This way—So!—*(Exit, bearing off Claribel through the door-way, on the Side.—Rachael assisting.)*

Manet MARTIN.

(Edmund comes from behind the canopy, and draws upon Martin.)

Edm. Villain ! you have betray'd me.

Mar. Don't cut my throat, it's bespoke by Lord Ruthenwolf.

Edm. Why lay this toil for me ? Entice me to it, that I might perish ?

Mar. What ! Practice upon his life to whom I owe my own. I would perish a thousand times rather than be such a scoundrel.

Edm. How happen'd this, then ?

Mar. Accident. 'Twas the Baron's sudden humour to give a feast in this Gallery, that hasn't been open'd, before, these twenty years. All the means I used to apprise you of it failed.

Edm. This may be so.

Mar. Kill me, else.

Edm. I have been seen here by none but you.—We yet may prosper.

Mar. There is still hope.—I had, this morning, borrow'd his cloak, from our Porter, the better to conceal you.—One moment.—I have it here, at hand. *(goes out.)*

Edm. Sure I may trust this fellow.—He seems earnest.

Mar.

Mar. (*returning.*) Here, Sir!—Now, on with it.—So—(*Edmund puts on the cloak.*) I'll now endeavour to conduct you to Lady Claribel. Yonder's her chamber.—Move silently.—Hush! (*he listens at the door.*) Nay, 'tis impossible. The Baron's there.

Edm. Ruthenwolf!

Mar. I hear him talking, at this instant.

Edm. Damnation!—In her chamber!—Did worlds oppose me, this arm should drag him thence.

Mar. Stay, stay, stay! (*preventing him.*) 'Tis madness.—Your destruction would be certain—So would Lady Claribel's.

Edm. Must I endure this!

Mar. Pray, speak lower.

Edm. O, Claribel! O! torture, torture!

(*Edmund falls in agony, with his face upon the ground.*)

Mar. Nay, we shall be discover'd, and—Undone! I hear the Baron coming!

Enter RUTHENWOLF.

Ruth. How now! Whence was that noise?

Mar. Noise, my Lord?

Ruth. Aye—noise.

Mar. It was—hem—it was the Porter, my Lord. Nicholas, the Porter.

Ruth. How came he here ?

Mar. He—hem—hearing a kind of disturbance in the Castle, my Lord, he came to see what it was ; and—being a little in his old way, my Lord—he fell upon the floor, and—and there he lyes, my Lord.

Ruth. Upon the floor ? This wretch, here, is the vilest sot.—

Mar. He is a good deal disguised, just now, indeed, my Lord. I fear he has disturbed the Lady Claribel.—Any disturbance he makes now, might be *very dangerous to her*, you know, my Lord.

(Speaking with emphasis, that Edmund may take the hint.)

Ruth. No matter,—She has insulted me !—Stung me !—Fool that I was to kneel, and sue, and soothe, and sigh, and play the whining coxcomb !—By all that's galling, she cast me with fury from her ;—breathed execrations on the savage Ruthenwolf ;—then wept aloud, and call'd upon her stripling, Edmund !—Oh, Lady, thou shalt smart for this !

Mar. Was this now, my Lord ?

Ruth. *(not heeding him.)* My curses upon Edmund !—Would he were here !—Would that, like this wretch, vile as the earth, whereon, a kindred clod, he grovels, Edmund were stretch'd

stretch'd before me!—Thus, thus would I fix
my foot upon his neck, and trample him to dust
(*fixing his foot on Edmund.*)

Mar. I tremble in every joint! (*aside.*)

Ruth. (*reflecting.*) Stay!—It shall be so.—
Come hither, slave.—Thou see'st this fellow.

Mar. Aye, my Lord.

Ruth. Raise him from the ground:—Then,
conduct him to that apartment.

Mar. To that my Lord!

Ruth. Aye,—to Claribel.—Tell her I scorn
her!—but tell her, further, that, so much ten-
derness is left me, I will not have her pine in
maiden solitude:—Therefore, since my poor
love seems all unworthy, I send her this—ob-
serve me—this besotted brute, who, I resolve
shall be her husband.

Mar. You jest, my Lord!

Ruth. By my soul! ere Night once more shall
cast her gloomy mantle upon my battlements,
their marriage, shall, in the Chapel, be accom-
plish'd. Take him away.

(*Martin raises Edmund, who hangs on Martin's
shoulder, keeping his face concealed; and they enter
Claribel's apartment.*)

Manet RUTHENWOLF.

Ruth. Aye, this is sweet revenge!—This
dainty, mincing dame, who has taught her baby
eye

eye to scowl contempt on Ruthenwolf, must yield her polished beauties to the meanest of his vassals.

NICHOLAS *staggers in, on the opposite side to Claribel's apartment.*

Nich. A pretty confusion there has been in the Castle!—I must see if I can't put things into a little order.

Ruth. Amazement!—Do I see clearly?

Nich. That depends upon how much you drank at supper, my Lord. You have been making a rare racket.

Ruth. Answer me, quickly. Have you not been, this very moment, in the Lady Claribel's chamber?

Nich. Oh, fie!—I get into a lady's chamber, in the middle of the night!—But, I see how it is with you. (*Pointing to his forehead.*)

Ruth. Wretch!—Did I not send thee, now, e'en now, muffled in thy cloak, into that apartment?

Nich. Come, that's a good one! How could I be in my cloak, when I lent it, this morning, to Martin?

Ruth. Damnation!—Betray'd!—Nay then!—
(*rushes into the chamber.*)

Nich.

Nich. He's monstrous drunk!—Well, once in a way, at a feast, it may be pardon'd.—It might have happen'd to me:—but, if he kicks up such a dust, every night, I shall certainly look out for a soberer family. (*reels out.*)

SCENE IV.

The Colonade, in Ruthenwolf Castle.

Enter EDMUND, CLARIBEL, MARTIN, and RACHAEL.

(*Martin conducting them.*)

Mar. This way.

Edm. Thus far, safely. The door within thy chamber, sweet, that led us to these passages, was Fortune's luckiest cast. Do not tremble.

Clar. Oh, Edmund! my limbs totter, and my heart sinks within me.

Edm. Nay, courage, Claribel!

Mar. A flight of steps, at the end of this building, descend to the outer Court.—Cheer up, Rachael!

Rach. I would risk any danger with you, Martin.

Edm.

Edm. The day begins to break.

Mar. So much the worse. These short Midsummer nights are not for our business. Secrecy is a mole, and loves to work in the dark. This way, Lady.

Clar. Hark!—Heard you not the trampling of feet?

Mart. No ;—all's secure. The Baron is hugging himself, in his fancied revenge. We shall escape from the clutches of as errant a tyrant as ever——

Ruth. (*without.*) Secure the Gates ! Guard every avenue.

Enter RUTHENWOLF.

Ruth. (*running to Martin, whom he first sees.*) Now meet thy punishment.—But hold—On one condition I may spare thee.—Confess who 'tis for whom thou hast, thus, plotted.

Mar. One who saved the life you are going to take. So take it while I can part with it coolly—for I should be afraid to die could I be treacherous to my preserver.

Ruth. The torture, then, shall wring his name from thee.

Edm. (*coming forward, and discovering himself.*) 'Tis a name soon utter'd.—Edmund Fitzallan.

Ruth. Ha !

Edm.

Edm. Aye, blush at it.—I am in your toil. You are now most powerful :—but, how meanly, even to himself, appears the man who feels that he has power, and feels, he has abused it!—How little looks the base Oppressor, when the sufferer from his oppression stands before him.

Ruth. In Warfare, boy, Policy has its privilege. You have experienced my skill in stratagem ; acknowledge, now, my force.

Edm. It must be, then, in death.

They fight—and, as they are engaged, a loud shout is heard, and the discharge of Cannon.

Enter Several Vassals.—They surround Edmund.

1st. Vass. To Arms, my Lord!—The Castle is suddenly attack'd.

Ruth. Say you ?—By whom ?

Vass. A powerful Troop, my Lord, pouring down the Mountain, from the wood ; headed by Baron Fitzallan, and his sons—

Ruth. Curse on the name!—Muste the men :—I come.—Conduct these to the Black Tower, that overhangs the Western Battlement.—Guard them securely. After the battle, Stripling, I shall dispose thy fate.

Edm. 'Till then, tremble for thy own.

Clar. Aye, Ruthenwolf—Tremble ; while we are tranquil. Marking the steps of Time, Vice
H shudders

shudders at the future, and meets Adversity with agony;—but Virtue can, calmly, gaze on Fortune, as she turns her wheel;—can look forward to her smiles, with cheerfulness, or endure her frown, with steady resignation.

[*Exeunt EDMUND and CLARIBEL, guarded.*

(*Shouts, and Cannonading, repeated.*)

Ruth. They thunder at our walls.—Sound the alarum!—Well, let him come:—surrounded with his sons,—the better;—that with one blow I may destroy both Stock and Cion, and exterminate the hated growth for ever.

[*Exit.——Vassals following.——A Flourish.*

Manent MARTIN and RACHAEL.

Mar. So!—In the bustle he has forgot me. What a snug covering is insignificance!

Rach. Oh, Martin! what will become of us!

Mar. Chance must decide, Rachael.—I wish, now there is danger,—I had not brought you to the Castle!

Rach. (*mournfully*) Do you indeed, Martin?

Mar. That I do.

Rach. I am very sorry you should think me hollow-hearted!

Mart. I think!—How, Rachael?

Rach. Because, Martin, one of the greatest pains a poor girl's heart can feel is, surely, being
absent

absent from him she loves, when she knows he is in affliction.

Mar. (embracing her) My dear Rachael !

(Shouts and Trumpets.)

Hark—I have little time for thought.—There is a passage, under the Castle, to the moat.—There I may be of service.—You must thither with me.—I care not on my own account;—tis for you, the Lady Claribel, and my Preserver, that I am anxious.—Something tells me, still, I shall prosper in my endeavours—for 'tis hard fate if a man fail when Love, Pity, and Gratitude, are the springs of his action.

[Exeunt

(Shouts, and Alarums repeated.)

SCENE THE LAST.

On the right of the Stage, is the exterior of Ruthenwolf Castle. The Chief Entrance is represented in a side view ; consisting of a Gateway, between two Turrets ;—the Bridge drawn up. The Castle is partially moated ;—the water losing itself under a low arch, beneath the battlements, before it has completely encircled the building :—But the

Battlements are continued beyond the place where the moat is lost; and at the base of these is a Sally Port, close to the ground. Above them, a black round Tower.

From a window in the round Tower, and, also, from a window in one of the turrets, are flights of steps, which communicate with the ramparts.

On the left of the Stage, are high tufted Trees; At the back, Mountains, in perspective, and the Sun rising above them.

Fitzallan, Henry, and Orlando are drawn up on the left, with Soldiery and Cannon, &c. &c. Pioneers at work upon a Mine, at the mouth of the Sally Port; beneath the Round Tower. The moment the Scene is disclosed, a loud Shout, and a heavy cannonade, from Fitzallan's party;—with a shower of Arrows—which is return'd by Ruthenwolf's Soldiery, who are thickly placed on the Turrets.

(After this burst, a Parley is sounded from the wall.)

Fitz. Hark! They found a Parley.

(RUTHENWOLF appears on the Walls.)

Henry. By all our wrongs! 'tis Ruthenwolf!

Ruth. Aye;—to hurl destruction on thee; e'en like the angry Lion, brushing the insects from his lip, who fret him in his slumbers.

Fitz. Vain man! our sting, we trust, will be found sharp, provoked, thus, as we are, by bitter injury.—

injury.—Yet, now, restore thy Captive, and—

Ruth. Never!

Henry. Renew the attack! (*Archers prepare.*)

Ruth. Hold! you run upon your ruin. My numbers here, Fitzallan, exceed thine, trebly:—And still, more surely to baffle this your ill-advised attempt, behind your wretched troop my parties march; and, by my order, winding along the vale, will press upon you. You are surrounded.

Here Ruthenswolf's men appear, in perspective, marching to surround Fitzallan.

Fitz. Nay, then, the cast is desperate.—Apply your Torches to the train, and spring the Mine. (*The Pioneers set fire to a train of Powder.*) Thus we will gain entrance; and, though we perish, we will, in perishing, revenge our House's wrongs.

Ruth. Ha! Ha! Ha!—'Tis rarely plan'd.—Yon Tower may well be spared;—a rude excrescence in this fair Pile.—But, 'thad been well, ere you applied the Torch, to think the Tower might, possibly, contain, amongst the rust which lyes neglected there, your Son and Claribel.

EDMUND and CLARIBEL appear at the window of the Tower.

Fitz. Oh, Heaven! My Son!—Quick!—quench your fires.

Ruth.

Ruth. Nay 'tis impossible. Your men, no doubt, are dext'rous. The train seems too well laid. We trifle time. Down with the Draw-bridge! We'll forth, and end this contest.

(He descends from the Battlements, as going to the Draw-bridge.)

Hen. Charge still!—

(Charge.—During this conflict, Edmund wrenches a bar from the window of the Tower, in which he and Claribel are confined.—As the Draw-bridge is let down, Martin, with Rachael, appear in a Boat, from the low arch.—Martin paddles to the Draw-bridge, and saws the joists.—The moment Ruthenwolf rushes upon it, to lead on his men, it breaks under him.—He is plunged into the Moat, and the waters cover him.)

(A LOUD HUZZA. Martin jumps to land, conducting Rachael, on the side of the Fitzallans.—At this moment, Edmund has made an aperture in the window, and leads Claribel hastily down the flight of steps, to the ramparts.—The Mine springs, and blows up the Round Tower.—They now ascend the other stair, belonging to the window of the turret.—They enter that window, and then appear at the broken Draw-bridge.—Martin's Boat, lying across the water, serves them to pass to the Fitzallan party.—While they are crossing, the turret, also, which they had just entered,

tered, blows up, and discovers the Stair-case they have descended, to escape from the Castle.)

(SHOUTS AND ACCLAMATIONS)

(The Flags of the remaining part of the Castle are struck.)

Fitz. (embracing Edmund and Claribel.) Oh, this is triumph!—Thoughts rush in wild confusion now; and feelings are too high for utterance.—When passions cool, we will reward our friends, and—I can no more!—My old heart pants with transport; and my broken accents can merely pay a feeble, but a grateful tribute, to that Power which shields the Virtuous,

GRAND CHORUS.

SOLDIERS, VASSALS, &c.

NOW be the Clarion shrilly sounded !

Loud the blast of Triumph breathe !

Guilt and Rapine sink confounded ;

Virtue wears the laurel'd wreath.

'Tis sweet when Conquest ends the strife ;

While, with the drum, and merry sounding fife,

The jolly soldiers march along the plain,

To greet their wives, their children, and their friends again.

THE END.

